"I Ain't Mad At Cha" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"I Ain't Mad At Cha"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Change, shit
I guess change is good for any of us
Whatever it take for any of y'all niggas to get up out the hood
Shit, I'm wit 'cha
I ain't mad at 'cha
Got nothin' but love for ya, do your thing, boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while
I'mma send this one out for y'all, know what I mean?
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust
Givin' a motherfuck
Yeah, niggas
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

[2Pac:]
Now we was once two niggas of the same kind
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line
You was just a little smaller but you still rolled
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll
'member when you had a Jheri Curl didn't quite learn
On the block, wit'cha Glock, trippin' off sherm
Collect calls to the crib, sayin' how you've changed
Oh you's a Muslim now? No more dope game
Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail
Wanna go to the Mosque, don't wanna chase tail
It seems I lost my little homie, he's a changed man
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan
When I talk about money all you see is the struggle
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble
Congratulations on the wedding, I hope your wife know
She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshittin'
I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her
And I can see us after school, we'd BOMB
on the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on
Now the whole shit's changed and we don't even kick it
Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it
Hmm, knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker that
Go toe to toe when it's time to roll you got a brother's back
And I can't even trip, cause I'm just laughin' at 'cha
You tryin' hard to maintain, then go ahead
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha
(Hmm, I ain't mad at 'cha)

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

[2Pac:]
We used to be like distant cousins
Fightin', playin' dozens, whole neighborhood buzzin'
Knowin' that we wasn't
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared
Besides, bumpin' 'n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind
In time we'd learned to live a life of crime
Rewind us back to a time was much too young to know
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow
And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait
Don't give nobody no coochie while I'll be locked up state
I kiss my momma, goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived
Don't shed a tear, cause momma I ain't happy here
I blew trial, no more smiles for a couple years
They got me goin' mad
I'm knockin' busters on they backs, in my cell, thinkin'
"Hell, I know one day I'll be back"
As soon as I touch down
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha
Cause you's a down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(a true down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha)

[2Pac:]
Well guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down
He went from nothing to lots, ten carats to rock
Went from a nobody nigga to the big man on the block
He's Mr. Local-Celebrity, addicted to movin' ki's
Most hated by enemies, escape in the luxury
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made
Now we gotta slay you while you faded, in the younger days
So full of pain while the weapons blaze
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days
Cause crime pays and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze
You'll feel the fire from the niggas in my younger days
So many changed on me, so many tried to plot
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?
'Til God return me to my essence
Cause even as an adolescent, I refuse to be a convalescent
So many questions and they ask me if I'm still down

I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha
You niggas just don't know, but I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(Hell nah I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(And I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

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